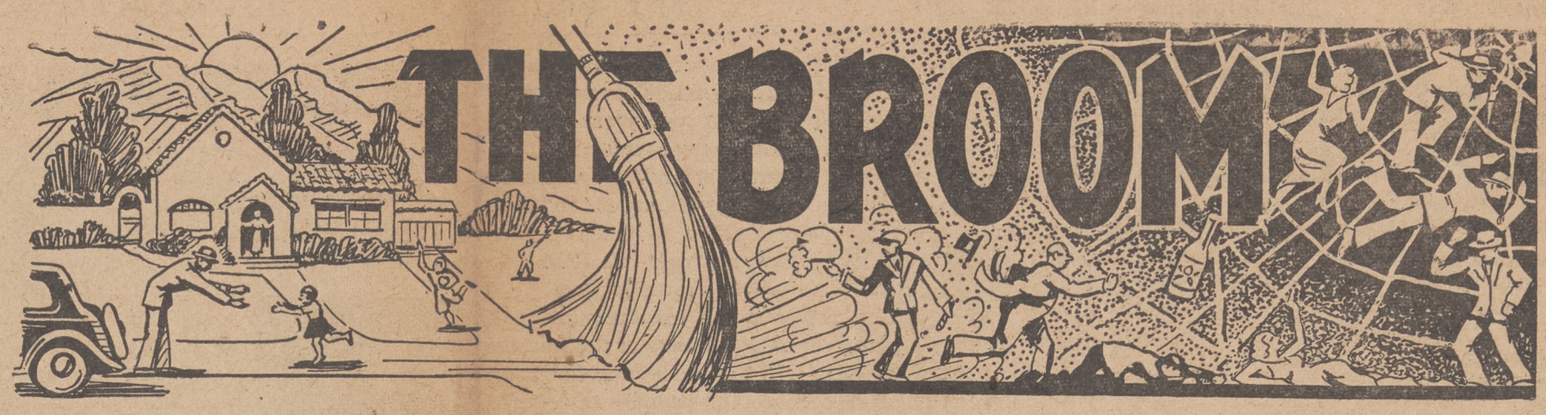
Strahlman, Dr. L. 11-2-42
411 Medico Dental Bldg.

"In hoc signo vincis."

Ain't it queer ? . . . that God still rules supreme . . . . !

"I do solemnly swear that . . . I will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."
(The President's Oath)

Circulation This Week 1750



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Washington's Vision

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S VISION

Originally published by Wesley Bradshaw. Copied from a reprint in the National Tribune. Vol. 4, No. 12, December, 1880.

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the fourth of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-nine years old, and becoming very feeble. But though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he gazed upon Independence Hall, which he came to visit once more.

"Le us go into the hall," he said. "I want to tell you of an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself; and, if you live, you will before long, see it verified.

"From the opening of the Revolution we experienced all phases of fortune, now good and now ill, one time victorious and another conquered. The darkest period we had, I think, was when Washington after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of 1777. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear commander's care-worn checks, as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington's going to the thickets to pray. Well, it was not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from God, the interposition of whose Divine Providence brought us safely through the darkest days of tribulation.

"One day, I remember it well, the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly all the after noon alone. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mention who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation of about half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

'I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third, and even a fourth time did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor except a slight raising of her eyes. By this time I felt strange sensations spreading through me. I would have risen but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I assayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become useless. Even thought itself had become paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irrestistable, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensation, and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarify, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy and yet more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think. I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly at my companion.

'Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn,' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in one vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the Republic,' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn.' At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel, standing, or rather floating in mid-air, between Europe and America, dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while with his left hand he cast some on Europe. Immediately a cloud raised from these countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed through it at intervals and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people. A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean in whose heaving billows it sank from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn,' I cast my eyes upon America and beheld villages and towns and cities springing up one after another until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again, I heard the mysterious voice say, 'Son of the Republic, the end of the century cometh, look and learn.'

"At this the dark shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approach our land. It flitted slowly over every town and city of the latter. The inhabitants presently set themselves in battle array against each other. As I continued looking I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word 'Union,' bearing the American flag which he placed between the divided nation, and said, 'Remember ye are brethren.' Instantly, the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons became friends once more, and united around the National Standard.

"And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts; and taking water from the ocean, he sprinkled it upon Europe, Asia and Africa. Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene; from each of these countries arose thick, black clouds that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass there gleamed a dark red light by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was enveloped in the volume of cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country and burn the villages, towns and cities that I beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of the cannon, clashing of swords, and the shouts and cries of millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' When the voice had ceased, the dark shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long and fearful blast.

"Instantly a light as of a thousand suns shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment the angel upon whose head still shone the word Union, and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descended from the heavens attended by legions of white spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitatns of America, who I perceived were wellnight overcome, but who immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious.

"Then once more I beheld the villages, towns and cities springing up where I had seen them before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them cried with a loud voice: 'While the stars remain, and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Union last.' And taking from his brow the crown on which blazoned the word 'Union', he placed it upon the Standard while the people, kneeling down, said, 'Amen'.

"The scene instanly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor I at first beheld. This also disappearing. I found myself once more gazing upon the mysterious visitor, who, in the same voice I had heard before, 'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: Three great perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the third (The comment on his word 'third' is: "The help against the THIRD peril comes in the shape of Divine Assistance. Apparently the Second Advent.—Ed. P. N." J. J. S.) passing which the whole world united shall not prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land and Union. With these words the vision vanished, and I started from my seat and felt that I had seen a vision wherein had been shown me the birth, progress, and destiny of the United States."

"Such, my friends, concluded the venerable narrator," were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them ."

Partners

Said a whiskey flask to a cigarette,
"I'd like to make a good sized bet
That I can get more scalps than you,
Although your victims aren't so few."

Said the cigarette to the whiskey flask,
"Well, that's easy as I could ask,
For I give kids their downward start,
Then you pitch in and do your part.
They come to you with burning thirst,
BUT I'M THE FELLOW WHO SEES 'M FIRST;
So most of them should count for me.
I'll take the bet, it's a cinch, do you see?"

Then the whiskey flask had this to say,
"I never looked at the thing that way,
But I confess you spoke the truth;
'Tis you who tackles the foolish youth.
You fill his system with dopey smoke,
I mould him into a first class soak;
We work together far too well
To quarrel for even a spell."

So the whiskey flask and the cigarette
Shook hands together and offed the bet,
And away they sauntered side by side
Hunting for victims far and wide:
In every corner of the nation,
Partners in crime and ruination.

So here's our warning on the level,
Shun them as you yould shun the devil.
Tobacco is a filthy weed,
And from the devil doth proceed;
It picks your pockets, burns your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND READERS:

A Merry Christmas !

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

IN GERMANY

"Not you, Herr Hitler, but the Lord is my Fuehrer!" — Pastor Martin Niemoeller.

IN THE U. S. A.

"The Lord is MY Commander-in-Chief!"

Save the U. S. A.! -- from UNION NOW

CLARENCE STREIT FOMENTS DISUNITY

Now that the U. S. has entered the war full blast having taken step by step "short of war", with the awoved "purpose" of staying out of war, we are being told by Clarence Streit and his group of British Imperialists that we must, or should, take the next step, to form a temporay alliance with the British Empire leading to an INTERDEPENDENCE in place of the INDEPENDENCE of the U. S. A. To make the bait more palatable Clarence Streit and his group propose that we "take in" the other "democracies" of Europe, Asia and Australia into that INTERDEPENDENT super-government.

The idea is that the steamroller of war activities will suppress all objection to such an abandonment of the American form of government and we will under the guise of fighting for the "four freedoms" abandon our Independence and pervert the Republic back to the "interdependence" upon the "mother-country", setting the clock of progress in "tune" with the policies emanating from London, in place of ruling and determining our own course.

Clarence Streit is misjudging the character of the people who constitute these U. S. A.

It is one thing to stand side by side with England and the Bolsheviks as a military venture in the physical battles against the Axis, and it is quite another thing getting married to the Bolshies and the Limies. We who came here to escape the Bolshies and the Limies, we are going to take our last stand behind the Stars and Stripes and our oath to the Republic and invoke the power of God to the last breath and the last drop of blood. There are enough men and women who feel as we do about the abandonment of the Republic as an independent entity, to split this country wide open and bring about a civil war as soon as Mr. Streit proposes to haul down Old Glory and hoist his harlot rag with the Hammer and Sickle and the Union Jack superimposed on the field of our red white and blue.

We will stand with our allies on the common front, but we do not propose to be swallowed up by the Limies and the Bolshies.

And besides—Ours and Switzerland, are the only existing democracies, the others are bastard monarchies and other forms of dictatorships so that there can be no union of "democracies" except that Britain and its dominions and colonies, as well as every other country which wants to join in with us, would **have to accept our form of republican government** and dissolve their monarchical and communistic systems, before being eligible for admission ON PROBATION on a territorial status, to be administered by the U. S. A. This is the only method of forming a world union of "democracies" in conformity with the oath which everyone of us has taken on behalf of our allegiance to the U. S. A.

And if Mr. Streit and company imagines that we are spineless enough to betray our oath, he has just another think coming. There are millions who will die first!

Already suggestions are being made that we abandon the two party system and fall in line behind the machine which temporarily is in political power, by not entering candidates on a bipartisan basis for the coming elections. If the Republic is abandoned it will not be because we did not raise our voice and sounded the tocsin. What are we fighting for?

When Does de Aryan Broadcast ?

With the unsettled conditions owing to interruptions due to blackouts and special military bulletins, one is never able to tell when the next radio program will actually be on the air. But one young fellow solved the problem. I met him the other day: "Say, I liked your radio talk last night," said he.

"How did you find it?" — He laughed, "That was simple, I called up KGB and they told me."

The next program is scheduled for Wednesday nite at 9:45. Then we shall get an earlier hour on some other day for the week following.

THE BROOM

"NOT AFRAID TO TELL THE TRUTH"
PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY

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C. Leon de Aryan, editor - owner

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WHY NOT?

Application of Creative Economics

POST-WAR PROSPECTUS

Editor, Not since Columbus discovered America, has the whole world been at war, until now. Leading officials of Germany, England, America and Japan give it as their opinion that the war will run at least 10 years.

It seems to me that if the war runs even three years at the present rate of borrowing money, the debts incurred can never be paid, and it will be the same with all other nations. If no debts can be paid, all bonds, mortgages and debts of all kinds will be worthless and no one will have anything but land. If that happens, the only rich man will be the owner of productive land, where he can make a living. When all promises to pay are worthless, our money and government bonds will be worthless, too, and we will not be able to buy anything until a new money is invented, and no one knows what that will be.

Those who have not learned to work will be in hard straits, while those with callouses on their hands will be able to raise food, make clothes and build their own houses. Furthermore, when people wake up to the fact that nothing has intrinsic value but land, there will be the biggest rush for such property in San Diego county ever known.

And productive land now being sold for taxes and bought up by speculators will be a gold mine to its owners. Even a blind man can see that the owners of such property will be rich. And it may be that the best insurance anyone can have even now, is a piece of productive real estate.

E. W. PETERSON.

HUMAN INGENUITY TO THE RESCUE

We let Mr. Peterson say his piece. "And productive land now being sold for taxes and bought up by speculators will be a gold mine to its owners".

Will it?

If it becomes a gold mine, then evidently, civilization has not broken down. Evidently, then, there exists a system of barter and trade, by which the landowners can become rich—without working.

Mr. Peterson denies his own statement. First he says that only he with callouses on his hands will eat, then he says that the speculator will get rich—without working, by buying up land cheap, now.

Evidently Mr. Peterson does not think coherently even though he presents some very pertinent facts concerning the destruction of the financial system now in vogue. "If no debts can be paid, all bonds, mortgages and debts of all kinds will be worthless and no one will have anything but land".

The fact of the matter is, two factors will remain: The people AND the land, and the most valuable of the two will be THE PEOPLE. And when the old debts become unpayable, the obligation is still not lifted. There is nothing to stop anybody from deferring the payment of debts to a better season while the re-construction work is inaugurated first. And what will it be?

Since land itself is of no value unless there are willing hands to produce something of value from the land, then, INGENUITY and LABOR become the basis of CREDIT, or money. That's the whole thing in a nutshell. The old idea that money has value only because, gold or silver or some other "substance" is backing it will naturally be discarded. All wealth is produced by ingenuity and labor applied to matter, the earth, or "natural resources", called land. By giving title to land, the feudal system proposed to give title to those who work on the land. That is the British system which has produced a nation of 20 million landless people in England itself, who must pay tribute to the landlords. But the war is going to bust up this landed "nobility" racket skyhigh this time.

Give CREDIT to whom credit is due!

As soon as the bonded indebtedness has reached a point where it bankrupts the nation, naturally the debt will be either repudiated or deferred. And, because the people are not going to stop living, then, a new method of exchange and finance must be devised. Since a few hold the land the many will have nothing "substantial" to offer as security, their INGENUITY and LABOR being their only asset. Evidently then the banks that overflow with money begging for investments, being valueless as money only as long as it cannot be profitably invested, will begin loaning it on a gamble that the risk is worth it, to each, on the promise of his ingenuity and labor. The banks will have to do it. By not loaning it, the money is worthless, by loaning it out, the money gains in value as the production of goods gets started. Some individuals will fail, others will make phenomenal successes. The sum total will more than balance, since all wealth production has always had a proportion of failures that are negligible in comparison with total wealth produced.

And because "property" is worthless unless it can be usefully employed, the financiers will be compelled to produce a board of experts who will supervise and advise the new credit users, and teach and train them how to make the best success in their individual lines of business, because the banks will be most interested to get their money back and a share in the products.

Individuality will be at a premium, because individual ingenuity is the most prolific producer of wealth. Had it not been for the mental giants whose brains and labor stands behind the giant, individual corporations in the U. S. A., this country would not be the richest in the world.

When everything else is worthless and nothing is left bot the PEOPLE and the land, then, the individual with the most get-up comes again to the front and commands the best credit rating.

—o—

Just Agree With 'em

Here is a good one. A friend told it to me the other day. She goes visiting ever so often to an old lady, over 90 years of age, who is quite robust and corpulent and feels well - - and who enjoys commiserating herself. My friend sympathized with her, but going there month after month and hearing the same plaint, it finally tried her patience. The other day the old lady said: "Oh, what a pity, that I cannot pass on, what a pity!" Her husband had died a while ago and ever since she claims the husband is better off and she "wishes she were with him."

So when my friend heard that plaintive cry again she came back: "Yes, its a pity!" — Tableau, this is a French expression for a comic shock.

It took the wind out of the old lady. She was quite astounded."But, Agnes, do you realize what you are saying?"

"My, dear", replied my friend, "I only wanted to agree with you. Is it wrong to be agreable?"

Do you know what a belly-laugh is? It's the healthiest kind of laugh possible. If we had many of them we would live quite a bit longer. When I heard how the old lady got cured of belly-aching, I just let go and laughed and laughed as I had not laughed in a long while.

Agree with them! It brings home how foolish they are; that's why the good Lord lets us have war, and all the other miseries we prefer to living according to His plan for us.

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Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year !

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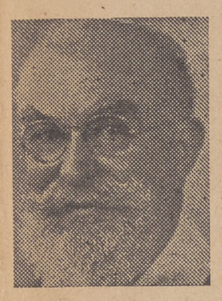
John P. Faddis — COUNTY SUPERVISOR
David Bird — COUNTY SUPERVISOR
Joe Brennan — PORT DIRECTOR
Edward J. Kelly — SUPERIOR COURT JUDGE
Clifford E. Peterson — CHIEF OF POLICE

HEALTH-GERMS

By George Starr White, M. D.

Dear Friend de Aryan:

The enclosed is copied from a letter that I have just written, to a member of a club of young women out here in Hollywood. There are several of these clubs out here and they spend very many hours way late into the nite or early morning "getting messages". Some of these women have become confirmed neurotics from this practice.



Dr. Geo. Starr White

Just now when the world is so perturbed, the inhabitants are rushig hither and thither, up and down, to find some solution to their anxieties.

I think your readers would be put on guard after they read this inclosed MS.

During all strenuous times, when one's very going out and coming in is fraught with dangers from the sky as well as prophecied earthquakes from below, the human mind is searching solace and comfort from the mysterious hosts that we all sense are about us.

Youthfully yours,
GEORGE STARR WHITE.

* * * *

Table-Tipping Planchette Ouija Board

The above names refer to devices that once were supposed to be controlled unconsciously, or by "spirits", so as to "spell" words in a mysterious manner. Now it has been proved that the movements that spell words or give "yes" and "no" signs, are caused by the unconscious movements of the hands, or fingers, that are placed on the Table or Planchette, or Ouija Board.

As I have had to treat many well-meaning persons who practiced this "magic" pastime, the following typical case will be of interest:

One night at about 12:07, I was called on the phone by one of my patients. She lived a few blocks from my place here in Los Angeles. She and her mother occupied an apartment, while the daughter was taking treatments at my place. The father of the young woman patient was at his home in the East.

The daughter told me her mother had been for seven hours "getting messages" from her Planchette, which is more sensitive than the Tipping-Table or Ouija Board. It is heart-shaped with a pencil in the tip of the heart and two delicate casters, or wheels, at the wide end. As the hands move, the pencil writes, and often does it wonderfully well.

When I reached the apartment the mother was in hysterics. It took me several minutes to get her calmed down so she could talk to me. She said her huband had suddenly been run over by a car and killed, and that his last words were a call for his wife.

As she insisted on getting ready for an early-morning train for the East, I told her I would see to the matter, but that she must remain calm and rest. The daughter helped me. I went out and sent a fast wire to the man in the East, and asked if he were o. k., and to wire an immediate reply.

While I was waiting for a reply to come over the telephone from the telegraph office, I asked the mother and daughter to put their hands on the Planchette again and think of NOTHING, but relax. On the QT I had written a few words on a piece of paper and put the paper in my pocket. As I watched the four hands on the "table" I concentrated my mind on the words I had written, which were "I am fine and hope U are too. I miss U."

Soon the pencil began to move and soon the very words that I had in my pocket and MUCH IN MY MIND, began to be spelled out. Soon they were on the paper under the pencil. Then I told them to take hands off and see a paper I had in my pocket. Both were dumbfounded. Soon the phone rang and the wire from the husband and father was that he was fine and hoped they also were.

Then and there they broke the Planchette up. They never have fooled themselves that way again.

One's own mind often acts in a manner and in ways we cannot explain, but the muscle-sense is far more sensitive than people realize, and the mind can work in ways no human realizes.

This is but one case.Working with any of the above mentioned devices is so disconcerting that those using them often lose their minds.

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN
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'U. S. of World' Proposed to F. R.

NEW YORK,— Federal Union, Inc. asked President Roosevelt to submit to congress now a program for a United States of the World.

The request was contained in a full-page advertisement in the New York Times. Eight prominent persons recommended the proposal. Among them were Secy. of Interior Harold J. Ickes and Justice Owen J. Roberts, of the supreme court.

Federal Union, Inc., recommended that "this program unite our people, on the broad lines of the constitution, with the people of Canada, the United Kingdom, Eire, Australia, New Zealand and the Union of South Africa, together with such other free peoples, both in the old world and the new, as may be found ready and willing to unite on this federal basis."

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"My Last Will and Testament

Remembers Prophetic Warnings

Dear friend de Aryan:—

I want to apologize to you for not writing long ago, and while I have legitimate excuses, nevertheless, I know I could have found time to at least drop you a line of encouragement.

I think of you almost every day and I send out my prayer for you.

I agree with you and believe in you. You are fighting a hard fight but a noble one. Truth will win, in fact **TRUTH is.**

Mrs. MacGregor has been very sick for almost 6 years but is now showing improvement and I hope very soon to show you my appreciation of your kindness in sending me the "Broom" in a much more substantial way.

The Broom that I receive is read by many, many people who are your silent partners whether you know them or not.

I can never forget an article you wrote in the Broom several years ago.

It was a letter you wrote to your 2 boys. I wish I had kept it.

At any rate, I remember your warning that the "Ship of State" was heading for the rocks and what a crash it would be.

You warned them to be prepared and suggested what they might do to survive the awful times ahead. **Those times are now here.**

May God keep you with us a long time. **Now we are** in desperate need of men like you to help light the way.

Kindest regards. Always your friend,

GEORGE O. MacGREGOR,
Los Angeles.

WOULD YOU like to have a business of your own that has real possibilities, and can be operated on a very few dollars? Send stamp for information. No postal cards. **The Advertiser Press, Palma Sola Heights, Bradenton, Florida. —Adv.**

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The Sun Work Shop

Good THOUGHT

Good WORD — Good DEED

ATMOSPHERICS
By Dr. O. Z. Ha'nish

Man is superior to all worlds and universes—he **was,** long before they were.

Everything has rhythm and regularity.

The world's greatest need is more knowledge of a truly scientific nature, that which will assist mostly in the rise of a higher civilization—the knowledge of Eugenics.

It's better to go wrong than not go at all!

Even the wrong eventually must go right.

There is no religion higher than Truth and Truth cannot be taught; it must be acquired by revelation; thus the revealed religion of Mazda leads to Truth.

Prayers are personal affairs and, like the family secrets, should never be confided to others.

"What profiteth man to **own** the whole earth yet hath no one to love."

According to history, even great Saviours when unable to stand the pressure, could do no more than to lay down their life.

"The Truth alone shall make you free."

—The Saviour.

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Yehoshua

Jesus of Nazareth was introduced to Mary by Gabr-Eli, the Arch-Angel (Chief Messenger) of the Essenes Lodge. Thus Mary became a mother while still a virgin, her bethrotal to Joseph not having been consummated.

His Birth was heralded by the Magi who read the Advent in the peculiar constellation of the stars and made a pilgrimage to contact mother and child that it be properly reared in their schools during the period of 14 to 30 years of age.

He was almost murdered by the Jews but resurrected and lived over 40 years thereafter teaching in seclusion.

The Neo-Platonic school was born.

The Birth of Christ

The picture appearing in the opposite column is an authentic copy of an old drawing which has been preserved, in eastern monasteries where the Master of Nazareth dwelled during His discipleship between the ages of 14 and 30.

There are various versions about His birth, parentage, childhood, discipleship and crucifixion. Of course, everybody may take his choice. For the first five hundred years after death, there were many manuscripts outstanding besides the four gospels now accepted as the New Testament. After the council of Nicea the fanatic priests who got a monopoly on the church racket by making it the state religion, socalled, under Constantine the Great murderer of his mother, wife and all other relatives; those criminal priests who sold out the Christ for a state protected racket, destroyed every piece of manuscript still extant and killed the "heterodox" priests and followers of the original teachings of the Great Master. In that fashion only the four poorest versions of the Life of Christ were incorporated as the New Testament, leaving out entirely the very heart of Christ's life, namely the period of His education which would have emancipated all mankind from the tyranny of the fanatic priests who secured a monopoly upon religion with the help of Constantine.

"Ye Shall know the TRUTH and the truth shall make you free", is still the maxim which works wonders. Even though the records were expunged where the priests held sway, the records in certain monasteries have been preserved to this day, being situate in such out of the way places that the power of corrupt priesthood did not reach into those retreats.

From the mouth of those who have been there and from other few fragmentary manuscripts extant in the Vatican Library, one may get a comprehensive narrative of the Life of the Christ. The best opus was produced by the late Dr. O. Z. Hanish in YEHOSHUA, the Life of Christ.

It is not doubted by any student conversant with sacred history that Jesus was not of Jewish parentage. Even the four gospels definitely say that His foster father Joseph was a descendant of the House of David, but that Jesus positively was not his offspring. While the lineage of Mary leads to Nazareth whose inhabitants were Iranians and not Jews, so that Judah held them in contempt so classically emphasized by the declaration: "What good can come from Nazareth?" Jesus was racially an Aramean, what today we call an Armenian.

Because Joseph, his foster father, was a Jew, the adopted son was brought up in the Jewish faith. And because Joseph legally adopted Jesus, the latter became the nominal head of the House of David and as such was a Jewish rabbi, judge and trustee of the land on which the Temple in Jerusalem rested. That gave Him authority to cancel the lease and cast the money changers out of His father's patrimony, literally. The word father, here means the foster father.

The physical father of Jesus is named as one Gabr-Eli, a man of high rank in the secret religious societies of his day. His status was that of arch-angel, translated from the Greek it means Chief-Messenger. This messenger brought the good tidings to Mary that she had been selected to be the mother of the Promised One. When one realizes the great blessings that such intimate contact of soul and soul brings to the mother who bears the incarnating one under her heart for nine full months and converses with him day and night in the flow of mutual love, one need not wonder that Mary was lifted up far above the average level of the women of her day.

During the period of 14 to 30 Jesus studied in Alexandria with other young Jewish students, went as far north and east as the Himalayan and Hindukush mountains where He studied in the Buddhistic and Fire-worshipping-temples.

At the crucifixion He was not killed, only stunned, but OFFICIALLY declared dead, so that after His revival the authorities insisted that He leave the country for His own safety. He lived for at least 40 years thereafter in a mountain retreat on the other side of the Jordan, traveling again to various parts of Asia. His burial place is not recorded.

The divinity of the Christ does not depend upon superstitious and "supernatural" accounts of His "miracles". It is innate in HIM, as it is in all the children of OUR Father. He unfolded and demonstrated the power of God far above what any other man had done before Him and since. And therein lies His divinity.

According to Jesus the universe is "My Father's House" of many mansions. There is life on other planets besides our own. "I came from above" is a phrase used by Sun-worshippers who depict the Sun as the headquarters of the Creators and Rulers of our planetary system. The distinction lies betwen enlightened souls and earth-bound souls.

There is perfect order and absolute LAW in the universe. What you sow that shall you also reap. for God cannot be mocked. There being absolute LAW and order, injustice is an impossibility. Where people howl about being "innocent" of the sufferings imposed, they simply deny the working of the LAW and thus continue to make matters worse, finally ending up in carnage and armaggedon.

As a great lover of all living beings, Jesus prohibited the bloody slaughter of lambs for the pascal feast and introduced the ritual of Melchi-Zendek back into force, consisting of a repast of grain and orchard products. "And do this in My memory" are His last words to the assembled pupils. The Jewish Kosher system of cutting the throat and letting the conscious animal bleed itself to death, was so repulsive to the Lover of animals that He brought down the wrath of the Jewish butchers union who henceforth sought to eliminate Him, which contributed to the plot for His crucifixion.

Where two or three gather together in MY name I shall dwell among them is the most marvelous promise. Few ever tried it out, that is why we have wars and strife. Had mankind taken HIM at His word, we would have demonstrated again and again that LOVE is a much more powerful weapon of offense and defense against aggressors, than the sword. Where one cultivates love on a mass production basis, there "Even greater things than these, ye shall do".

Memorable Presence of the Christ

At this season it is appropriate to indulge in reminiscences and recall the times when this writer put the teachings of the Christ to the test. The incidents recorded here are merely a few of the many incidents which we experienced in the course of our research and studies.

It is a pity that so few people take the Christ at His word and try out the "prescription" He gives regarding the power of the spirit over material conditions. Of course, as a student of this power, this writer went to great lenghts to make sure that no self-illusion interfered with the results obtained. Here are a few examples.

It was the winter after the first anniversary of the conclusion of the armistice. I was living in New York and kept company with a young woman of independent means. Christmas time was nearing and we decided to plant a Christmas tree in her large studio where she lived. It was an apartment building and the janitor's wife was a Russian. Both of them were of the Russian Orthodox Faith. My young woman had invited three of our personal friends for Christmas supper, had provided the "surprises" for each plate and was all set already in the early afternoon as far as the food preparations were concerned when I dropped in on her and told her that I had taken the liberty of inviting the janitress to our supper. She flew off the handle, but eventually calmed down, the "beans having been spilt". Later on it developed that the janitress was the Christ in disguise.

The Russian woman had seen our Christmas tree and the preparations and without intending to, burst out: "Oh, if I could be there, too". Since it came out of her full heart, I replied, "why not?" there is plenty and to spare for all of us. To me it seemed the most natural thing to do. Not so to my young lady:

"Imagine, inviting the janitress!" But being well bred she put up a good front.

The other guests arrived, we went through our religious ritual and then asked the janitress to join us. Our meal was served and partaken and the surprises were opened. I do not recall how it came about, but somehow or other, those who drew a certain object were entitled to a kiss. The janitress drew her prize and I was it, so I naturally put my arms around her and paid.

That is when the Christ appeared.

The woman was so astounded that she was accepted among us as an equal, she was an old country Russian who regarded us as something above her class, she just let her spirits soar with exstacy in this new experience.

To me it had been the most natural thing to do. It was Christmas, we celebrated the advent of the Child of Love. My girl, of course, looked on, but was game. The ice was broken. You could literally feel it. The atmosphere was so still, so solemn, so filled with assurance, such a peace, it actually passeth understanding and it all not a mere play of words. All of us who were present will remember that Christmas night as long as memory carries. We had a marvelous time singing and talking and eating and playing. But we were in a higher world. The Russian woman had brought the Christ in her heart when her inmost wish to also have a Christmas tree came true, where she was one of the crowd and felt that she, too, BELONGED.

My young woman never vetoed any of my "crazy" and most unconventional notions thereafter. She had learned the lessson of her life. Christ dwells in the humblest of these "least" ones, also, perhaps more so.

The next experience in the company of the same girl was when we rode on the Pennsylvania railroad to Pittsburgh to my new job with the Westinghouse Co. She decided to come along and see me safely located, then return to New York. We sat at the open carriage window and were passing through fields upon fields of green tobacco plants. I was so thankful that I had found that job with a great promise ahead of me and here was my girl friend beside me so concerned she rode down to see me off. In that thankful feeling I took her hand and so we sat looking at the scenery. When you thank the Lord for the blessings you have and the girl with you joins in the same wordless, but even more expressive spirit, the Lord makes His presence felt, in response. Suddenly we both knew. She looked at me and I at her. Having experienced it at Christmas, now we knew. We rode thus hand in hand for a long while and the presence lasted. "When two or three come together in my name, I am among them".

But the Christ appears in various shapes and on many occasions, where no love between boy and girl is involved. Aside from my individual experiences when I studied at home as a child and found HIM myself, the first public demonstration was in Bulgaria and Servia. I was walking across the frontier from Bulgaria into Servia one lovely sunny morning, when a band of Rumanian gypsies met me on the road. Gypsies are clairvoyant and I was having one of my good times where my heart rejoiced in the beauty of the day and the country around me. Suddenly a young gypsy woman called my name. How she knew me I cannot tell, whether clairvoyance, or some other way. I had been in that district for the first time in my life and was merely passing through. It was a gravel road and I was walking. I stopped at the gypsy camp and the girl's father started to talk with me as if he had known me always. He told me of my past and of things to come. Then I walked off, steeped in thought. The things I was to do, according to the gypsy, were way above my horizon and I wondered how that could be true.

Suddenly the air was filled as if with magic. An inner assurance spread over me that I would do it and looking about I saw the Christ walking with me and as I recognized the vision, it dissolved. I did the things predicted, many years later, with greater things yet before me. I came to America and am an independent newspaper editor, not rich in wordly goods, but a truly independent man who calls his soul his own. The difference between the life in Bulgaria and Servia and the present status as a citizen of the U. S. A. with an independent and almost unique position in our country even, is far greater than the average American would appreciate who has never lived in those backward Balkan districts.

And to close with the incident when the Christ appeared on the road to Jericho and outlined my journey to Bagdad where I was to become a civil engineer, though I had never studied it in school. I had been in Jerusalem, walked on foot to Jericho, visited and took a plunge in the dead sea and was returning to Jerusalem. The night overtook me on the road and one of those rock hermits put me up in a cave next to his. I arose early before dawn and started on my trip, when suddenly I saw the Christ walking with me. I wondered how come and received my instructions for the next few years. Bagdad, then Bombay, Madras and finally the U. S. A.. And everything came to pass. I became a civil engineer learning the trade right while working on the great irrigation system of the Euphrates where Babylon used to be. Thence to India where I finished my religious studies and then to the U. S. A. where the white man puts Christianity to the test on a large scale. And now I am being put to the test myself and so far have not been found wanting in the fundamentals of free initiative, which is the foundation of the American Way of Life.

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My dear de Aryan:

Please discontinue on expiratiin of my subscription sending me the "BROOM".

You have done noble work as a Christian and Peace Monger, but now defeated, I suggest that you "fold up" to avoid "Lock-up", as I do. His satanic majesty has made a "dastardly", "sneaky", "treacherous", "serious" attack on God, and today rules the world, including the U. S. A.

War! War! War! Blood! Blood! Blood!

And for what? And who decreed?

Sincerely yours,—

Never Say Die

While it is true that war is hell, it would be the acme of cowardice to let the country go to the devil. That is not what we came here for. In war and in peace, God rules supreme, as strange as it may seem to some people. Why did the Christ come among us, if not to teach us by His very example that though even He went to hell for three days, He conquered it and ascended to heaven. We can always turn evil into good and that is our job.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT
NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 29715

Estate of Gladys M. Lindgren, also known as Gladys M. Doty, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Betty C. Shelton, as the Administratrix of the estate of Gladys M. Lindgren, also known as Gladys M. Doty, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, that within six months after the first publication of this notice, they either file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Diego, or present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Administratrix at her place of business to-wit, Spreckles Theatre Building, San Diego, California.

Signed, Betty C. Shelton.
Administratrix of the estate of Gladys M. Lindgren, also known as Gladys M. Doty, Deceased.
Dated at San Diego, this 16th day of December, 1941.
Edgar G. Langford, Attorney for said Administratrix.
Date of first and last publications, Dec. 22, 1941; Jan. 19, 1942.

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Air-Raid-Warden

(Over K G B, Wednesday 9:45 pm)

Saturday evening, Dec. 13, I received a telephone call from Jeff Stafford, district air raid warden for the extreme east portion of San Diego. He asked me whether I would care to accept the duties of air raid warden for the residence district in which I live. Of course I could not refuse and went to his office for the insignia and handbook with instructions. I went immediately to work to carry out the outlines given in the booklet which says that I was chosen as Air Raid Warden of my sector because I am known to be reliable and responsible and because I have the needed qualities to lead, direct and help the people entrusted to my care.

That's a big order, but if that is the trust placed in me, of course, I must justify this confidence. I sent my boy Freddy and other children from the neighborhood to ring doorbells and ask the people of my sector to assemble near my home where we became acquainted with one another, shook hands, selected three additional wardens who are to work under my supervision and divided the territory among them. They are: Louis Dorn, R. W. Hauptle and William Edic.

Then I reported to Jeff Stafford what I had done. You see, my sector was organized and ready for a blackout alarm in less than 24 hours after Stafford gave me the job. He asked me to come again to his office and then turned over the whole district south of University avenue, east of Euclid and bounded on the east by 54th street. I need the names of at least a dozen people in that section who would be willing to serve as assistant Air Raid Wardens. This is what I wish to tell the residents in my district.

I hope we never have an air raid, I hope we are never faced with a fire caused by sabotage or bombs from airplanes. I hope we never have a gas attack. Everyone of us is hoping for the best. But this is war and in war the unexpected happens when you least expect it.

As long as I am the key organizer for your district I am not going to be bossy. You are interested in protecting your own life and your own home and the lives of your famliy and neighbors. So I am not imposing on you. I am here to serve you and show you how best to achieve this protection. I hope to earn your respect and your confidence and with it get that co-operation from you that comes with respect and confidence. I am not getting paid for my work. I am a very busy man and cannot afford to waste time. But I am as much concerned for the welfare of our district as I am concerned for the welfare of my own family. I am here at your service, to organize you so that together we can do more and better things to protect ourselves than we could achieve individually and alone without the co-ordinated efforts of our neighbors. This is a neighborhood job. We are free Americans and we propose to remain free. We are using our common sense to help ourselves and to get effective results. I happen to be your keyman. You can talk back to me. I'll listen. But you and I, we have a common objective before us, to save lives and property in case of attack by enemies from without and by enemies from within. I have the full authority of Uncle Sam behind me. I hope I will never need make use of that authority to enforce an order. I would rather you see the importance of what we are doing and like an intelligent person volunteer to do your share for our common good. That is how friends and neighbors help each other in times of emergency.

The duty of Air Raid Wardens is to get out of bed when a blackout is ordered and patrol the assigned teritory till the all clear signal is sounded. They will see to it that no lights shine anywhere. They will do their duty with extreme courtesy and good humor and you are expected to obey their requests for your own protection. So far we have not had an air raid, but we all need the training. The duty of the Air Raid Warden is also to aid the injured, take steps to put out fires, prevent looting of any kind.—I am responsible for the lives of everyone in my district and I must know how many people I have, who they are and where they live. I shall call on you personally. If we never have an air raid or a fire, we at least shall learn to be better friends and neighbors through this experience. Let's hope so. Good nite.

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democracy

By Charles H. Ingersoll
(Of Dollar Watch Fame)

The Modern Way to get more wages is not to ask for them, but to STRIKE! Striking has become a fine art. It follows an exact technic that is almost invariable. Its essential is prescribed by Marx in his formula of the class-war. It was indeed a great discovery—that the application of mass force could be the utility of obtaining labor's share of the wealth he and his employer produced.

Marx was not an economist or thinker, or he would have looked under the surface and found basic monopoly as the termite that ribbed both producers so substantially that the leavings, as a divident, could but instantly make trouble.

So force, instead of justice disclosed by reason, became the bloody battleground between the twin producers of wealth. And force gets further from solution, day by day.

The Economist's answer to Unionism is to take all taxes off consumption and production, and thus double the demand for labor, so that two jobs will be looking for every man, instead of two men for every job. Then, says Mr. economist, there can be no labor disputes. Disputes happen only when there are two sides to a question.

But in this theory there are some signs of weakness very disturbing to the economist. Things are now pretty one-sided in favor of labor; and there seems to be little evidence of security of capital against labor disputes, strikes, riots and unrest. It may be a fine remedy for labor trouble to have only one side; but also, it may not be easy to get either capital or labor to agree to be the underdog to demonstrate this remedy.

25,000 Negroes in Harlem, and 100,000 in Brooklyn, are giving mute but convincing testimony against our 'great democracy'. This testimony is to the effect that 'freeing the slaves'—the crowning act of our political democracy, and for which our nation was split wide open in years of bloody war—that this freedom is, after all, only a gesture of democracy, as distinguished from reality.

Negroes are in revolt because they are the most complete victims of a system of wage-slavery. They are in disgrace before our machinery of crime-punishment. And the reasons are frankly given by our leaders as 'the crime of poverty'.

It appears it might have been better to have left them in chattel slavery! These leaders are toiling rather sympathetically for remedies, such as better housing, better jobs, education, etc. But the answer goes deeper: it is maximum production of wealth so that employers won't pick and choose among 'whites' but will require everyone—white and black—and at maximum wages.

Attacks by 'Self-Appointed Air-Raid Wardens' Scored

SACRAMENTO,— A strong protest aaginst 'unwarranted attacks upon citizens' by 'marauding gangs of self-appointed air-raid wardens' has been forwarded to Gov. Olson by Bernard C. Brennan, of Los Angeles, president of the California Safety Council, Inc.

He urged that military or civilian authorities post trained guards in suitable uniforms at regularly established safety stations throughout the state.

"With civil liberties jeopardized by marauding gangs of self-appointed air-raid wardens who attempt to stop, or molest, citizens in the pursuit of their business or private affairs on the pretext that they are 'aiding defense' during blackouts, we wish to respectfully submit that military or civilian authortiies, post appropriate trained guards in suitable uniforms known or identified as 'regulation apparel' at regularly established stations throughout the state to insure maximum public safety," Brennan wrote.

"Unwarranted attacks upon citizens and damage to property occasioned by attempting to switch off lights in places of business, should be halted immediately.

"Violation of the peace and security of citizens of this city, county and state should bring swift and certain punishment for illegal infractions of the type described above. Hoodlumism and self-appointed individuals masquerading as 'patriots' ought to be quelled immediately, as we are sure every right-thinking citizen will agree."

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On the 22nd day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and forty-one, before me personally appeared R. P. Schuster known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing instrument and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of my office this 22nd day of November, 1941.

Benjamin F. Tyler,
Notary Public.

Date of first and last publications Dec. 1; Dec. 22, 1941...

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 29638

Estate of Mary Elizabeth Rodgers, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Chester D. Gunn as the Administrator of the Above Named Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, that within six monthss after the first publication of this notice, they either file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Diego, or present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Chester D. Gunn, at his place of business to-wit, 22 Court House San Diego, California.

Signed, Chester D. Gunn,
as Administrator of Said Estate.

Dated at San Diego, California this 28th day of November, 1941.

Thomas Whelan
By Robert E. Jenson,
Attorneys for said Administrator.

Date of first and last publications, Dec. 8, 1941; Jan. 5, 1942.

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS

I will not be responsible for debts contracted by my husband SCOTT G. STAUFFER, Hipass, California.

Margie L. Stauffer,
2139 El Cajon Blvd., San Diego, Calif.

Date of first and last publications, Dec. 8, Dec. 22, 1941.

SOLAR

AT THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON, MORE THAN EVER BEFORE, IT SEEMS APPROPRIATE TO QUOTE THESE WORDS OF ST. PAUL, THE APOSTLE:

"FAITH IS THE SUBSTANCE OF THINGS HOPED FOR, THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN."

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